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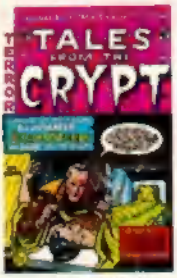

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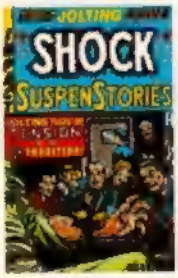

SHOCK #1

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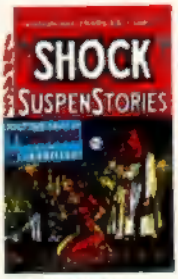

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THE CRYPT OF TERROR

WELL! HEH,HEH! I SEE YOU MANAGED TO SCROUNGE UP *COLD CASH* FOR THIS COPY OF *THE CRYPT OF TERROR!* GOOD! DON'T WORRY! YOU WON'T BE SORRY! YOU'LL GET MORE THAN YOUR MONEY'S WORTH OF *CHILLS!* I'LL SEE TO IT! YES, IT'S *ME* AGAIN! YOUR *HOST IN HORROR, THE CRYPT-KEEPER!* WELCOME ONCE MORE TO MY HOVEL, THE *CRYPT OF TERROR!* FOR MY FIRST OFFERING TO CURDLE YOUR BLOOD, I HAVE CHOSEN ONE OF MY BEST *TERROR TALES* FROM MY VAST COLLECTION OF SPINE-TINGLERS HERE IN THE CRYPT! THIS IS THE STORY OF *CLYDE FRANKLIN,* THE RENOWNED ANIMAL HUNTER! REMEMBER HIM? REMEMBER WHEN HE DISAPPEARED? WELL, I FOUND HIM ... OR WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM! THIS IS HIS STORY... AS HE TOLD IT TO ME ... IN HIS *VERY WORDS!* CLYDE SARCASTICALLY CALLS IT...

THE TROPHY!

YES, I'M CLYDE FRANKLIN! MY STORY BEGINS ONE NIGHT IN MY LUXURIOUS HOME! IT WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE I WAS TO LEAVE ON ANOTHER OF MY HUNTING EXPEDITIONS! A REPORTER FROM THE 'MORNING GLOBE' HAD DROPPED IN TO INTERVIEW ME! I FOUND HIM WAITING FOR ME IN THE TROPHY ROOM! HE STARED AT THE HEAD-LINED WALLS WIDE-EYED...

AH! I SEE YOU HAVE DISCOVERED MY TROPHY ROOM!

OH! MR. FRANKLIN! YOU STARTLED ME!

I HAD TO KEEP MYSELF FROM LAUGHING! THE REPORTER WAS PALE AS A GHOST...

DON'T YOU *LIKE* MY SOUVENIRS?

THEY... THEY'RE *GRUESOME!* SOME OF THEM LOOK...SO *ALIVE!*

OH, COME NOW, SIR! THESE ARE MEMENTOS OF MY PAST HUNTING TRIPS! THEY'RE...MY... MY RECORDS OF *ACHIEVEMENT!*

HOW *COULD* YOU?

HUH?

HOW COULD YOU *HUNT* THESE POOR CREATURES... *KILL* THEM...THEN *STUFF THEIR HEADS* AND HANG THEM HERE? IT'S CRUEL! *CRUEL!*

NOW! NOW! BE REASONABLE, SIR! I *HUNT* FOR THE PURE *SPORT* OF IT! THESE ARE MY...MY *SCORES!* LIKE TOUCHDOWNS...IN FOOTBALL! SURELY YOU CANNOT DENY A MAN HIS *SPORT?*

SPORT IS IT? IT'S *MURDER!* THESE POOR CREATURES ONCE *LIVED*... LIKE YOU OR I! YOU *MURDERED* THEM!

I...I THINK THIS INTERVIEW IS AT AN END, YOUNG MAN! GOOD-EVENING!

GOOD NIGHT!

THE YOUNG REPORTER STORMED OUT OF MY TROPHY ROOM...STAMPED ACROSS THE MARBLE HALL...WHISKED HIS HAT OFF THE RACK... OPENED THE HUGE OAK DOOR... AND SLAMMED IT HARD! I BEGAN TO LAUGH...

POOR FOOL! HAH, HAH! WHAT'S HE SO WORKED UP ABOUT? AFTER ALL! THEY'RE ONLY *ANIMALS!*

THE NEXT MORNING, I WAS UP AT DAWN! AFTER A HEARTY BREAKFAST, I PACKED THE LAST REMAINING NECESSITIES INTO MY STATION WAGON AND BID GOOD-BYE TO MY SERVANTS...

GOOD-BYE, JEEVES! I'LL BRING A MOOSE-HEAD JUST FOR YOU!

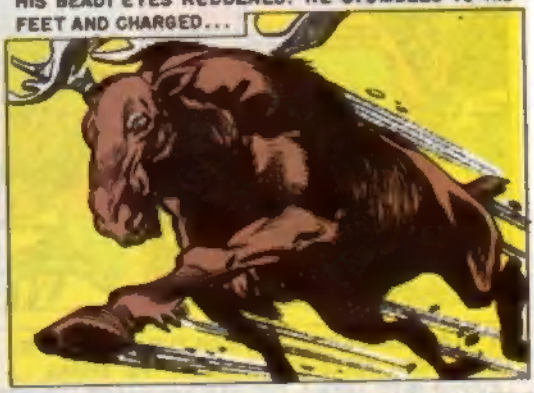
GOOD-BYE, SIR! GOOD LUCK!

MY TRIP THIS TIME WAS TO TAKE ME UP THE ALASKAN HIGHWAY IN SEARCH OF CARIBOU, PUMA, MOOSE, OR ANY OTHER UNFORTUNATE ANIMAL THAT MIGHT CROSS MY GUN-SIGHTS...
AFTER AFRICA AND INDIA, THIS TRIP WILL BE *TAME!*

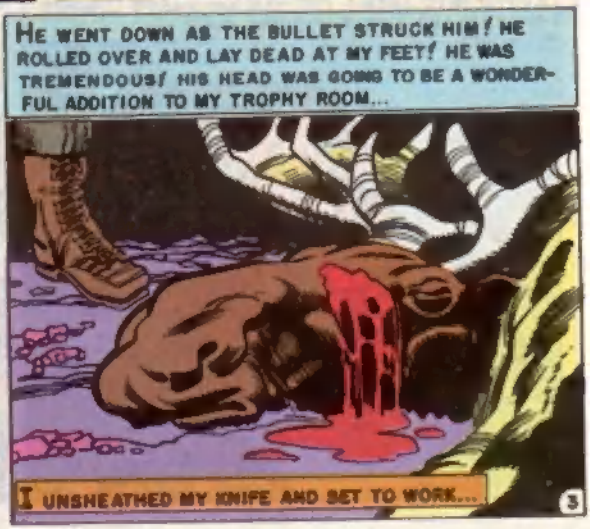
JUST A FEW MILES OUT OF PRINCE GEORGE, CANADA, I MADE MY FIRST CAMP...
THERE OUGHT TO BE PLENTY OF MOOSE AND CARIBOU IN *THESE* WOODS! I'LL TRY MY LUCK BRIGHT AND EARLY TOMORROW MORNING!

THE NEXT DAY, I TRACKED A MOOSE FOR THREE HOURS! FINALLY I CAUGHT UP WITH HIM! HE WAS STANDING IN THE SHALLOW WATERS OF A SMALL LAKE DRINKING HIS FILL...
LOOK AT THOSE *ANTLERS!* WHAT A TROPHY *HE'LL* MAKE!

HE TURNED TOWARD ME AND BELLOWED AS I CAME OUT IN THE OPEN! I RAISED MY GUN...SIGHTED CAREFULLY... AND...
BAM


HE DROPPED TO HIS KNEES! HE SNORTED IN PAIN! HIS BEADY EYES REDDENED! HE STUMBLED TO HIS FEET AND CHARGED...

I STOOD MY GROUND! I RAISED MY GUN AGAIN! I WAITED UNTIL I KNEW I COULD HIT THE VITAL SPOT! THEN I FIRED...


HE WENT DOWN AS THE BULLET STRUCK HIM! HE ROLLED OVER AND LAY DEAD AT MY FEET! HE WAS TREMENDOUS! HIS HEAD WAS GOING TO BE A WONDERFUL ADDITION TO MY TROPHY ROOM...
I UNSHEATHED MY KNIFE AND SET TO WORK...

THE NEXT DAY, I BROKE CAMP AND CONTINUED ON MY WAY! ABOUT NOON, I STOPPED AT ONE OF THE FEW GAS STATIONS ALONG THE ALASKAN HIGHWAY...
BETTER FILL 'ER UP, MISTER, AN' TAKE A CAN TO SPARE! NEXT STATION'S TWO HUNDRED MILES!
GOOD IDEA!
SAY! THAT'S SOME MOOSE-HEAD YOU GOT THERE! WHERE'D YOU BAG HIM?
NORTH OF PRINCE GEORGE! HE'S A BEAUTY, ISN'T HE?
WHERE'S THE CARCASS?
I LEFT IT! I JUST WANTED THE HEAD... FOR MY TROPHY ROOM!
SHUCKS! THAT'S A LOT OF MEAT GONE TO WASTE! FOLKS UP HERE HUNT FOR FOOD!
WELL, I HUNT FOR SPORT!
IT WAS TOWARD EVENING THAT IT HAPPENED! I WAS SPEEDING ALONG AT A FAIR CLIP WHEN I SAW THE BOARD STRETCHED ACROSS THE ROAD...
SPIKES!
I SLAMMED MY FOOT DOWN ON THE BRAKES! THE TWO FRONT TIRES EXPLODED AS THE SPIKES RIPPED INTO THEM! THE STATION-WAGON LURCHED CRAZILY, AND I FELT IT GOING OVER...
THERE WAS A HORRIBLE CRASH AND EVERYTHING WENT BLACK...

WHEN I CAME TO, I WAS LYING ON A COUCH IN A RUSTIC CABIN! AS THE COB-WEBS CLEARED, I HEARD A STRANGE SOUND! IT WAS THE STEADY THROBBING OF A MOTOR COMING FROM THE NEXT ROOM...
WH...WHERE AM I? I...I REMEMBER! THE CRASH!
SUDDENLY, AS I LAY THERE, I HEARD VOICES COMING FROM THE ROOM WITH THE THROBBING MOTOR.
NO! PLEASE! DON'T! HAVE MERCY!
HAHAHAHA!
MY BLOOD FROZE IN MY VEINS! IT SOUNDED LIKE SOMEONE WAS BEING TORTURED...
WHAT IN BLAZES? I'VE GOT TO...
PLEASE...NO! AAAAAAAH!
I TRIED TO MOVE! AN EXCRUCIATING PAIN SHOT THROUGH MY LEG! I LOOKED DOWN! IT WAS TWISTED! IT WAS...
BROKEN! MY LEG IS BROKEN! I CAN'T MOVE!
SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENED! FOR A MOMENT I HEARD THE MOTOR... LOUDER! AND THERE WAS ANOTHER SOUND... A GURGLING SOUND! LIKE WATER BEING PUMPED THROUGH PIPES...
AH! YOU'VE COME AROUND!
HE CLOSED THE DOOR, SHUTTING OUT THE SOUNDS! HE SMILED AT ME...
HOW DO YOU FEEL? I WAS AFRAID YOU MIGHT HAVE A CONCUSSION!
FINE...EXCEPT FOR MY LEG! YOU TALK LIKE YOU KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT MEDICINE! WHY COULDN'T YOU PUT MY LEG IN A SPLINT?
I'M NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR LEG!
WHAT KIND OF A MAN ARE YOU? WHO...WHO HAVE YOU GOT IN THERE? IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE TORTURING HIM!
6

YOU HEARD?
YES! LOOK...YOU'VE GOT TO SET MY LEG OR GET ME TO A DOCTOR!

YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE! YOU'RE MY...MY PRISONER!
THE SPIKES! YOU PUT THEM ACROSS THE ROAD!

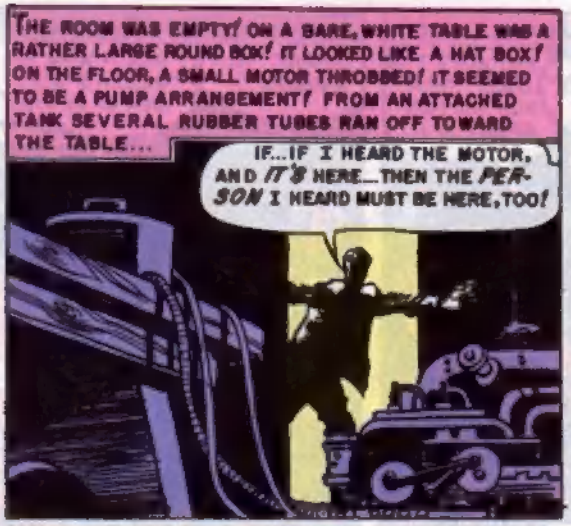
EXACTLY! LET US SAY I 'BAGGED' YOU AS A HUNTER BAGS AN ANIMAL!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?

HE TURNED AND STARTED OUT THE DOOR...
YOU'LL SEE YOU'LL SEE!

I WATCHED HIM AS HE CROSSED THE CLEARING AND ENTERED WHAT APPEARED TO BE A WOODSHED...
MOOOOAAAANNN!

HE WAS OBVIOUSLY MAD! WHOEVER HE HAD IN THAT ROOM WITH THE CEASELESSLY THROBBING MOTOR WAS IN GREAT PAIN! I DECIDED TO TRY TO REACH THE DOOR... TO SEE...
MY...LEG! IT'S...KILLING...ME...

WITH A GREAT DEAL OF EFFORT, I MANAGED TO HALF HOP, HALF DRAG MYSELF ACROSS THE ROOM TO THE DOOR! I FLUNG IT OPEN...
WHY, THERE'S NO ONE HERE!


THE ROOM WAS EMPTY! ON A BARE, WHITE TABLE WAS A RATHER LARGE ROUND BOX! IT LOOKED LIKE A HAT BOX! ON THE FLOOR, A SMALL MOTOR THROBBED! IT SEEMED TO BE A PUMP ARRANGEMENT! FROM AN ATTACHED TANK SEVERAL RUBBER TUBES RAN OFF TOWARD THE TABLE...
IF...IF I HEARD THE MOTOR, AND IT'S HERE...THEN THE PERSON I HEARD MUST BE HERE, TOO!

OVER THE TABLE A BOTTLE HUNG UPSIDE DOWN! IT LOOKED LIKE THE KIND OF BOTTLE USED TO ADMINISTER PLASMA! A TUBE RAN FROM IT DOWN TO THE TABLE...
FUNNY! ALL THE TUBES SEEM TO RUN UNDER THAT BOX!

I DRAGGED MYSELF, PAINFULLY, TO THE TABLE! I STARED DOWN AT THE STRANGE BOX! I SAW NOW THAT IT WAS ONLY A COVER! SUDDENLY THE HAIR ON THE BACK OF MY NECK CRAWLED! ONCE AGAIN CAME THAT PATHETIC SAD MOAN...
IT...IT CAME FROM THE BOX!

I GRASPED THE HANDLE AND RAISED THE COVER! THE MOST HORRIFYING SIGHT I HAVE EVER SEEN MET MY EYES! I SCREAMED...
YAAAAAAAAAAAH!

THERE, ON THE TABLE, WAS A LIVING, BREATHING, HUMAN HEAD! IT BLINKED AT ME THROUGH WIDE EYES...
RUN, YOU FOOL! GET AWAY FROM HERE! HE'S MAD... MAD!

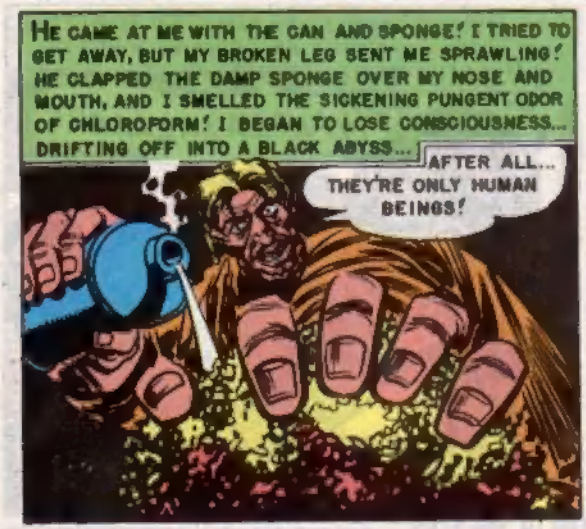
I STOOD ROOTED TO THE SPOT, UNABLE TO MOVE! THE INDESCRIBABLE HORROR I FELT NUMBED MY SENSES...
DO YOU HEAR ME? GET OUT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! DO YOU WANT TO END UP LIKE ME?

SUDDENLY, THE HEAD'S WIDE STARING EYES LOOKED BEYOND ME! I SPUN AROUND...
WELL! I SEE YOU HAVE DISCOVERED MY TROPHY ROOM!

YOUR...TROPHY ROOM!
WHY, YES! THIS IS WHERE I WILL KEEP THE HEADS OF ALL OF MY GAME!

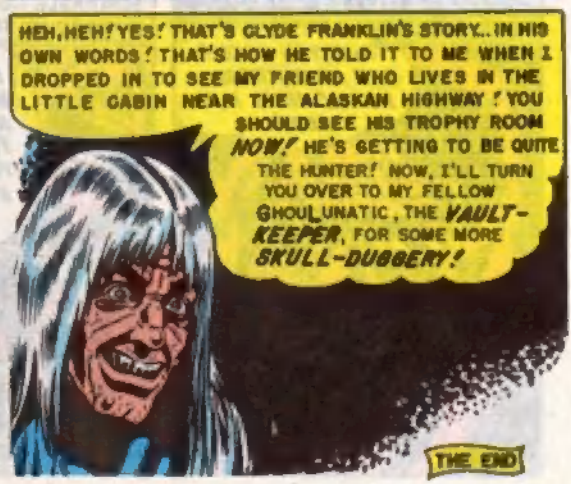
HE TURNED AND TOOK A CAN OFF A SHELF...
YOU'RE CRAZY! YOU CAN'T HUNT HUMAN BEINGS!
WHY NOT? I HUNT THEM FOR THE PURE SPORT OF IT!

THEN HE REACHED FOR A SPONGE...
SPORT! IT...IT'S MURDER!
CALL IT WHAT YOU WILL...IT'S MY IDEA OF SPORT!


HE CAME AT ME WITH THE CAN AND SPONGE! I TRIED TO GET AWAY, BUT MY BROKEN LEG SENT ME SPRAWLING! HE CLAPPED THE DAMP SPONGE OVER MY NOSE AND MOUTH, AND I SMELLED THE SICKENING PUNGENT ODOR OF CHLOROFORM! I BEGAN TO LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS... DRIFTING OFF INTO A BLACK ABYSS...
AFTER ALL... THEY'RE ONLY HUMAN BEINGS!

WHEN THE DARKNESS FADED AND I CAME TO, I WAS STARING OUT OVER THE WHITE EXPANSE OF THE TABLE TOP! THE DOOR OPENED! HE CAME IN! HE HAD SOMEONE WITH HIM...
...BUT BEFORE YOU DIE, I WANT YOU TO SEE MY TROPHY ROOM!

HE POINTED AT ME! THE MAN WITH HIM WAS CUT AND BRUISED AS IF HE HAD BEEN IN AN ACCIDENT...
...AND THIS IS MY LATEST MEMENTO... FROM A PAST HUNTING TRIP! SOON YOU TOO WILL BECOME ONE OF MY RECORDS OF ACHIEVEMENT!
GASP!


HEH, HEH! YES! THAT'S CLYDE FRANKLIN'S STORY...IN HIS OWN WORDS! THAT'S HOW HE TOLD IT TO ME WHEN I DROPPED IN TO SEE MY FRIEND WHO LIVES IN THE LITTLE CABIN NEAR THE ALASKAN HIGHWAY! YOU SHOULD SEE HIS TROPHY ROOM NOW! HE'S GETTING TO BE QUITE THE HUNTER! NOW, I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO MY FELLOW GHOULUNATIC, THE VAULT-KEEPER, FOR SOME MORE SKULL-DUGGERY!
THE END

THE VAULT OF HORROR!

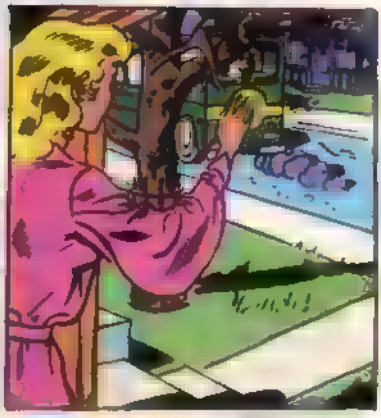
I SEE IT'S *'GUEST-SPOT'* TIME FOR ME AGAIN! TIME FOR ME TO GRACE THE PAGES OF THE *CRYPT-KEEPER'S* MAGAZINE WITH A *HORROR TALE* FROM MY PRIVATE COLLECTION OF *SPINE-TINGLERS* HERE IN THE *VAULT OF HORROR!* YES, I AM THE *VAULT-KEEPER!* COME IN AND LIE DOWN ON THAT *STRETCH-RACK* OVER THERE! YOU'LL HAVE A *RIPPING* GOOD TIME WITH THIS TALE OF THE *MACABRE* I AM ABOUT TO RELATE! I CALL IT....

"JUDY, YOU'RE NOT YOURSELF TODAY!"

JUDY ABELSON WATCHED HER HUSBAND, DONALD, STROLL DOWN THE SMALL-TOWN STREET...

...FLAG HIS REGULAR MORNING BUS AS IT CAME TO THE CORNER...

...AND GET ABOARD! SHE WAFTED HER USUAL FAREWELL KISS AFTER HIM AS THE BUS ROARED AWAY DOWN THE TREE-LINED STREET...



THEN SHE WENT INSIDE! SHE CLOSED THE DOOR AND SIGHED...

POOR DARLING! HE *WORRIES* ABOUT ME SO! ALWAYS AFRAID SOMETHING MIGHT *HAPPEN* TO ME WHEN HE LEAVES ME *ALONE* EVERY DAY! I...OH, DEAR! SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR...

JUDY OPENED THE DOOR AND PEEKED OUT! ON THE STEPS STOOD A BENT AND WRINKLED OLD LADY...HER HEAD COVERED WITH A RAGGED SHAWL! AS HER BEADY EYES CAUGHT SIGHT OF JUDY, SHE GRINNED A TOOTHLESS GRIN...

PLEASE...YOUNG LADY! HAVE *PITY* ON A POOR OLD WOMAN...WHO *HASN'T EATEN* IN *TWO DAYS!* SPARE A CRUST OF BREAD, OR A COIN... *PLEASE!*

I...I...WAIT A MOMENT, PLEASE!

JUDY HURRIED INTO THE KITCHEN AND GOT HER PURSE! AS SHE CAME BACK THROUGH THE HOUSE...

THE *POOR* WOMAN!...HAVING TO *BEG* FROM DOOR TO DOOR FOR A BITE TO EAT! I'LL JUST... *GASP*...

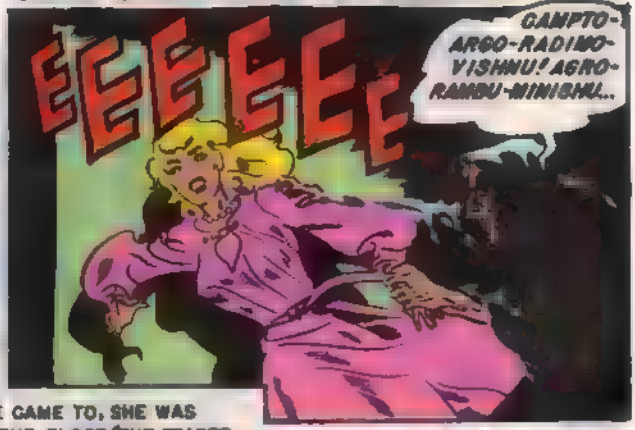
YOU HAVE A LOVELY HOME, MA'AM! BUT BETTER STILL, YOU HAVE A *LOVELY YOUNG BODY*... JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN *LOOKING* FOR!

JUDY STARED INTO THE OLD WOMAN'S BLOODSHOT EYES! ICY FINGERS CLUTCHED AT HER RACING HEART...

MY *BODY?* WHAT... WHAT DO YOU *MEAN?* WHAT DO YOU *WANT*...

I AM AN *OLD* WOMAN, CHILD! MY BODY IS BENT WITH AGE... ACHING WITH THE PAIN OF TIRED BONES! *I* AM GOING TO *TAKE YOUR BODY*... AND *GIVE YOU MINE!* A *FAIR EXCHANGE*...

THE GNARLED, CREASED OLD WOMAN REACHED OUT A KNOTTY, WRINKLED HAND AND CAUGHT JUDY'S WRIST! SHE BEGAN TO UTTER WEIRD SYLLABLES AND INCOHERENT JARGON! JUDY STARTED TO FEEL WEAK...DIZZY! SHE SCREAMED...



SUDDENLY EVERYTHING WENT BLACK! JUDY FELT HERSELF FALLING...FALLING...INTO THE EMPTY VELVET BLACK VOID OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS...

WHEN SHE CAME TO, SHE WAS LYING ON THE FLOOR! SHE STARED DOWN AT THE FAMILIAR RUG! THEN HER GAZE FELL UPON HER HAND! IT WAS KNOTTY...WRINKLED...THE HAND OF AN OLD WOMAN...

JUDY SCRAMBLED TO HER FEET AND STUMBLED TO THE MIRROR ABOVE THE FIRE PLACE! SHE LOOKED... HORRIFIED...AT THE IMAGE SHE SAW! IT WAS THE FACE OF A BEADY-EYED, TOOTHLESS, BENT OLD LADY...

JUDY RUSHED TO THE TELEPHONE! UNBEARABLE PAINS SHOT LIKE NEEDLES THROUGH HER GNARLED AND CROOKED LIMBS...

MEANWHILE, A TRIM YOUNG FIGURE MOVED DOWN THE MAIN STREET OF THE SMALL TOWN...THE STOLEN BODY OF JUDY ABELSON...

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, DONALD ABELSON BURST THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR OF HIS HOUSE...

JUDY! WHERE ARE YOU?

SPRAWLED ON THE COUCH IN THE LIVING ROOM, DONALD FOUND A SOBBING OLD WOMAN...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WHERE'S MY WIFE?

DONALD...

THE GNARLED OLD WOMAN RUSHED TO DONALD AND FLUNG HER BONEY ARMS ABOUT HIS NECK...

OH, DONALD...SOB... DONALD! I AM YOUR WIFE!

WHAT IN BLAZES...?

DONALD STIFLED THE FEELING OF NAUSEA THAT SWEPT OVER HIM AS THE OLD CRONE KISSED HIS CHEEKS AND WEPT...

FOR GOD'S SAKE, OLD WOMAN! STOP YOUR WHIMPERING AND TELL ME...WHAT DID YOU DO WITH JUDY?

I AM JUDY... DONALD! BELIEVE ME! I AM...

JUDY...NO LONGER POSSESSING HER YOUNG TRIM BODY, BUT THAT OF AGED WOMAN...SOBBED OUT THE WHOLE STORY...

...AND WHEN I REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, I FOUND MYSELF IN HER BODY! DONALD...SOB...WHAT WILL I DO? WHAT WILL I DO...?

DONALD LISTENED TO THE INCREDIBLE STORY! HE STARED AT THE OLD WOMAN IN DISBELIEF...

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU! I CAN'T...

LET ME PROVE I AM JUDY, DONALD! ASK ME ANYTHING THAT ONLY JUDY WOULD KNOW!

DONALD TURNED AWAY! HE THOUGHT FOR A MOMENT, AND THEN...

ALL RIGHT! IF YOU CAN ANSWER THIS...I MIGHT BELIEVE YOU! WHAT WAS THE NUMBER OF THE ROOM IN THE HOTEL WHERE WE SPENT OUR HONEYMOON?

TOO!

DONALD COULDN'T BELIEVE HIS EARS! HE ASKED OTHER QUESTIONS ...MORE *PERSONAL* QUESTIONS! THE BENT OLD WOMAN ANSWERED THEM *ALL*... *CORRECTLY*...

NOW WILL YOU *BELIEVE ME*?

IT...IT'S HORRIBLE! *HORRIBLE!* WHY...

THE RINGING OF THE TELEPHONE INTERRUPTED DONALD'S EXCLAMATION...

HELLO?

DON? THIS IS GEORGE ... DOWN AT THE STATION! YOU AND YOUR WIFE HAVE A QUARREL, OLD BOY?

WHY...NO! WHAT MAKES YOU ASK?

SHE'S DOWN HERE! WAITIN' FOR THE THREE-TEN! BOUGHT A TICKET TO NEW YORK! NOW, I DON'T MEAN TO PRY...BUT...

DONALD HUNG UP! HE SPUN AROUND, FACING THE WRINKLED WOMAN...

YOU SAY YOU'RE *JUDY*? IF YOU *ARE*, YOU'LL FOLLOW MY INSTRUCTIONS... DO ANYTHING I *WANT!*

ANYTHING! *ANYTHING!*

DONALD LED THE OLD WOMAN TO A CLOSET! HE OPENED THE DOOR...

HURRY! THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE! PERHAPS IT ISN'T TOO LATE! I HAVE A PLAN... BUT... I'VE GOT TO LOCK YOU IN THIS CLOSET! WILL YOU LET ME?

IF IT WILL HELP, DONALD... OF COURSE!

DONALD CLOSED THE CLOSET DOOR ON THE OLD WOMAN AND LOCKED IT! HE POCKETED THE KEY AND RAN FROM THE HOUSE! HE CURSED THE TRAFFIC AS HE SPED DOWNTOWN IN HIS CAR...

SHE *MUST* BE JUDY... SHE *MUST* BE! *NO ONE ELSE* WOULD HAVE BEEN ABLE TO ANSWER *THOSE* QUESTIONS!

IT WAS THREE O'CLOCK WHEN DONALD REACHED THE STATION! HE SPOTTED JUDY'S FAMILIAR FIGURE SITTING IN THE WAITING ROOM! HE WALKED UP TO HER! SHE LOOKED AT HIM BLANKLY...WITHOUT RECOGNITION...

SHE DOESN'T *KNOW* ME! IT *IS* TRUE! IT *IS TRUE!* THIS IS *JUDY'S BODY*... BUT *JUDY'S* BACK HOME... IN THE *OLD WOMAN'S BODY*...

SUDDENLY, A DESPERATE MAD IDEA CRASHED INTO DONALD'S MIND! HE STEPPED UP TO JUDY'S BODY AND SNARLED...

SO YOU'RE *RUNNING AWAY*, JUDY! SO YOU *CAN'T FACE* THE FACT THAT YOU HAVE *CANCER*... THAT YOU'RE GOING TO *DIE* IN *TWO MONTHS!*

HUH? *CANCER? DIE!*

GO AHEAD! RUN AWAY! YOU THINK YOU'LL *SPARE* ME THE *GRIEF* OF *WATCHING* YOU *DIE*. EH? ALL RIGHT... IF *THAT'S* THE WAY YOU WANT IT...

CANCER... DIE! WHAT HAVE I DONE! I'VE GOT TO GET IT *BACK*... GET *MY BODY BACK...!* *CAMPTO-ARGO-RADIMO...*

SUDDENLY JUDY'S BODY... SEATED ON THE BENCH... STIFFENED! THEN... THE COLOR DRAINED FROM HER CHEEKS! SHE SLUMPED FORWARD...

JUDY! JUDY!

WHAT... WHAT *HAPPENED?* WHERE *AM* I?

OH, DONALD, DARLING! DONALD! I'VE GOT MY *BODY* BACK! *SHE'S GIVEN IT BACK!*

C'MON! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE *HOUSE!*

DONALD AND JUDY SPED BACK ACROSS TOWN! THEY RUSHED INTO THE HOUSE! SOMEONE WAS HAMMERING ON THE CLOSET DOOR! DONALD TOOK HIS GUN FROM THE DESK...

SHE'S *IN* THERE, JUDY! *LOCKED IN THE CLOSET...*

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO *DO*, DONALD?

THUD! THUD!

I'M GOING TO *KILL* HER, JUDY! SHE'S EVIL! I'VE *GOT* TO KILL HER OR SHE'LL *DO THIS* HORRIBLE THING *AGAIN!* NO ONE WILL *MISS* HER! WE'LL BURY HER IN THE *CELLAR!*

BAM BAM BAM

DONALD EMPTIED HIS GUN INTO THE CLOSET DOOR! THEN, THEY OPENED IT! THE OLD WOMAN WAS DEAD! THEY CARRIED HER BODY TO THE CELLAR AND BURIED HER...

IT... IT'S *BETTER* THIS WAY, JUDY, DEAR!

YES, DONALD!

HEH, HEH! *NO*, KIDDIES! MY STORY ISN'T OVER! NOT *YET!* THE END CAME ABOUT *SIX MONTHS LATER!* ONE NIGHT, AFTER JUDY AND DONALD HAD GONE TO BED, JUDY HAD A TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE! SHE HEARD THE OLD WOMAN'S VOICE, UTTERING THOSE STRANGE WORDS! WHEN SHE AWOKE...

YES, JUDY FOUND HERSELF BURIED IN THE CELLAR! DIRT FILLED HER TOOTHLESS MOUTH...PRESSED AGAINST HER BEADY EYES! SHE PUSHED UP INTO THE COLD FRESH AIR...

EYAAA

SHE'S *TAKEN MY BODY* AGAIN! SHE'S DONE IT *AGAIN!*

JUDY, NOW IN THE CORPSE OF THE OLD WOMAN, STUMBLED UP THE CELLAR STAIRS! BITS OF ROTTED FLESH FELL AWAY AS SHE MOVED THROUGH THE HOUSE TO DONALD'S BEDROOM...

WHO...*WHO'S THERE? GOOD LORD!*

IT'S *ME*, DONALD! *JUDY!* SHE'S *TAKEN MY BODY AGAIN! KILL* HER, DONALD! KILL HER AND *SET ME FREE!*

DONALD WENT FOR HIS GUN! THE DECAYED, FOUL-SMELLING CORPSE OF THE OLD WOMAN FOLLOWED HIM TO JUDY'S ROOM! DONALD FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR! THE BODY OF HIS WIFE, JUDY, WAS DRESSING FRANTICALLY...

GOT TO GET AWAY, BEFORE HE...

KILL HER, DONALD! SHOOT HER! *SHOOT!*

THE GUN SHOT ECHOED THROUGH THE DARK HOUSE! JUDY'S BODY SLUMPED TO THE FLOOR! THEN THE CORPSE OF THE OLD WOMAN TOTTERED...AND COLLAPSED...

JUDY! JUDY! WHERE *ARE* YOU?

SUDDENLY, JUDY...NOW REPOSSESSED OF HER OWN BODY...GASPED...AS SHE PASSED AWAY...

I...I'M *HERE*... DONALD! I'M... GASP...WHERE I... *BELONG!*

JUDY! JUDY... SOB... SOB...

HEH, HEH! WELL! *THERE'S* A *WEIRD* LITTLE TALE, EH? BUT, THERE'S A *LESSON* TO BE LEARNED, KIDDIES! DON'T MAKE *FUN* OF THAT STRANGE *OLD WOMAN* WHO COMES BEGGING! YOU MIGHT FIND YOURSELF IN *HER SHOES!* OH, BY THE WAY! YOU CAN HAVE BACK ISSUES STARRING *ME, THE OLD WITCH* AND MY HOST...*THE CRYPT-KEEPER*, IF YOU WANT THEM! JUST READ *THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER* IN THIS ISSUE! THIS IS THE *VAULT-KEEPER* SAYING...'BYE NOW!

THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

President and CEO—Stephen A. Geppi

Publisher—Russ Cochran

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I like you the most out of The Vault-Keeper and The Old Witch. Your comics are great. I watch your show on HBO whenever I can and I watch your Saturday morning cartoons. I have the first book in the series of Crypt books, and I also have a book called "Jokes From the Crypt." I also have some of your cards. After I read one of your comic books my sister and my mom read them. My whole family likes scary things.

One of your best stories was "Swamped" in HAUNT #5. Another of my favorites is "Reflection of Death!" in CRYPT #7.

Stephen Langlois — Rutland, VT

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I love your comic books, they are great! I'm 11 years old. My brother Abe likes your comics, too, and he is 13. I love HAUNT #7, it's very good. I was wondering on how to get "Tales from the Crypt" Trading Cards? I look everywhere and I can't find them. They look cool. I would love to have a pen-pal, so please print my address.

Josh Elder — RT 2, BX 37, Carter, SD 57526

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

It's me again. You know, David Rodriguez. I still want to know who was thrown off the sled in your story "Wolf Bait!" (available in GLAD HAUNT #4 as a back issue), and I won't stop writing until you answer it! Heh! I can wait forever; the real question is, can you? Eternally yours.

David Rodriguez — Huntington Park, CA

All of the comics mentioned above are available as back issues! See the back cover of this comic for info on "Crypt" Cards! Spend money!

The perfect person to throw off the back of a sled when pursued by wolves is...Larry Talbot! Heh, heh! But that only works once a month! And, that's a sleigh, not a sled. Rhymes with "slay," if that helps!

—CK

Your comic books are the best! I never thought before that I'd enjoy comic books but as soon as I read one of yours, I loved it. One thing I would like to know is who were your parents, and what year were you born in?

John Gilo — Saugus, MA

Yo Russ,

Hi, how's it swinging? Ok here. I just recently began collecting EC comics. My first was CRYPT #7. My favorite was "Seance!". It was cool. Could you tell me the Crypt-Keeper's orgin? I've always wondered how he came to be. Tales from the Crypt Rules!!! Cryptically yours.

William D. Walchle — Ft Wayne, IN

We can tell you my origin, in GLAD CRYPT #1; or you can wait for CRYPT 33. CRYPT Rules! Wuh-wuh-wuh! (Imagine considerable arm-waving here.) —CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I think The Old Witch is a geezer. I like your comic books a lot. This is the first time ever I read your comics! I am very impressed with the stories. The Vault-Keeper is worse than The Old Witch. The Vault-Keeper stinks at telling stories.

I also write my own comics. Have you ever spooked someone? My favorite story is "Reflection of Death!" in issue #7. Keep up the good work.

Robert Refalik, 3rd Grade — Schenectady, NY

The Vault-Keeper stinks WHILE telling stories! —CK

77 YEARS OF EXPERIENCE:

Dear Russ,

I am 9 years old. Sometimes I feel sad. I pull out some TALES FROM THE CRYPT. I read stories and I feel great. I just started [recently]. Your friend,

Sherry Sookaram — New York, NY

Dear CK,

I am a big fan and a very old fan of you. I started getting interested in you when I was three; now I am nine, almost ten. I got CRYPT 7 [and seven others]. I read them all.

Jacob Helfrich — New York, NY

Yo Russ,

I watch the "Tales from the Crypt" TV show, and I just have to say: What's with the Crypt-Keeper? If you ask me I think it needs more BLOOD. Yours Truly.

Donna Ross, age 10 — Plainfield, NJ

Dear Russ,

I love your comic books on Tales from the Crypt. When I grow up, I want to become a doctor. I also want to become a comic book collector. John Wrigley [is the only?] comic book collector I know. He collected 180 books [by] 1959, [and by] 1966 had a total of 206 comic books.

I watch "Tales from the Crypt" on FOX. I like the one with David Warner, about that [Felicity] girl. That's one of my favorites.

Jonathan Carter, 11 years old — Decatur, IL

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I am 11 years old. I watch your [HBO] TV show a lot, but I don't think I'd like the cartoon.

I collect your comics, but unfortunately I can't find them right now. You, The Vault-Keeper and The Old Witch's comics are the scariest I've ever read. Are the stories in your comics the ones in the TV show?

Paul O'Leary — Needham, MA

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

Hi. All I can say is, great comic! Keep it coming! I'm

going on 13, and a great fan. I don't have HBO, but your show comes on Saturday now on regular TV. Your comics are only at one place, Chesterfield Mall. Print my address. I love pen-pals. I also love Stephen King movies and books. Great comic! Your #1 Fan,

Sarah Lownsdale — 568 Sunbridge Dr, Chesterfield, MO 63017

Hey CK,

I've been an avid horror fan since I was 11. Up until now, at 15, nothing grosses me out like CRYPT. ■ has the best storyline and art. My favorite frame is from "Reflection of Death!", when the character sees his mangled reflection ■ the mirror. I was wondering if you sold any CRYPT posters; my parents won't let me hang real decomposed bodies on my wall, so...

Another thing I've been wondering ■ if you had any tips on how to draw corpses and other gruesome pictures. I've tried, but they look too, well, alive. If there is anyone out there who ■ as much of a horror fanatic as me, write to me.

Mike Tormey — 39 Bolivia ST, Willimantic, CT 06226

What, no 14-year-olds? Ya' know, the thing that bugs me the most about the HBO and kid-vid "Crypt-Keeper" is the squeaky voice. Not at all like my real, sepulchral baritone!

They do adapt authentic EC comics stories, and retain the original titles. You've perhaps noticed that all of them are presented as mine, even when they were actually told by VK or OW.

We have no EC posters, but it would take only 2000 trading cards to cover ■ 8x10 wall! —CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

Hi. I just moved to Indiana. What I want to know is, do you have a fan club? If you do I'll be willing to join. I think that your comics, shows, and cards are the greatest. I never miss any of your shows because they're so cool.

Cameron Lee — Carmel, ■

Check last month's HAUNT 8 and INC SF 8 for the latest FAN CLUB NEWS news, and watch for that feature in VAULT, as well. —CK

Dear CK,

There is TALES FROM THE CRYPT comic, CRYPT video, CRYPT television series, CRYPT cartoon, CRYPT pin ball and CRYPT trading cards. What next? Are there going to be TALES FROM THE CRYPT jackets, t-shirts, baseball caps and figures? Or, even a computer game, (I hope so)?

Is there a video I can buy of the HBO television series?

Oliver Wingrave — Farnham Surrey, GB

Brits & Celts tell me the videos are the only way to consume the HBO shows there, I don't know details, tho; sorry. —CK

Dear Crazy Bag of Bones,

I read CRYPT 7 and I think [redacted] is a stuck up Ghoulatic! I think you should decide who the No. 1 fan is! And I think "Last Respects!" was real Ghouleriffic! "Seance!" was very thrilling, and so was "Voodoo Death!". I would give you two thumbs up but I got my hand chopped off! (Never make your sister mad!)

[redacted], who wrote a letter in CRYPT 7, is not stuck up because he doesn't claim ■ be the best! I think [redacted] is real cool! I think the witch and you make a ghoulish couple! And I think you have your way of getting your face in the crowd! You have a comic, card set, show on FOX and HBO, and a cartoon on Saturday mornings!

I hope you publish this letter because someone has to tell [redacted] he's stuck up! Well, I have some things to settle with my sister! Please print my address because me and Lloyd have something to settle! I think [redacted] rules!

Jason Parker — 100 Teachers CT, Guyton, GA 31312

Now, now—mustn't fight! I deleted the names, positive and negative, to save you some fisticuffs, sans fisties! You all know by now that anyone can be #1 'cause you're all #1 with me—as long as you buy the comics!! It's like Joey says, next letter... —CK

I just finished CRYPT #7 and I was disgusted! Not at your pulse-pounding tales of horror, but at the letters pages! These #1 fans—humph! Yet, I have the solution to their conundrum of just who deserves to be EC's #1 fan. Without further ado, here it is: WHO CARES? What's really important, mind you, is who deserves to be #0 fan!! After all, with #0 comic books all the rage, what about that worthy fan who is #0? And the newest trend: Chromium Fan #1!! Now let's get serious, CK. Is being the plain, old, non-enhanced #1 fan important at all? I didn't think so. On to the stories...

"Reflection of Death!", despite some wonderful art by Al Feldstein, was an all-too-typical story of the time. EC turned out masterpieces which everybody remembers. Yet, I'll admit that Bill Gaines and his merry GhouLunatics told their share of cliched stories, such as this one. Yet, with the good come the bad, and the EC output of brilliant short stories could not be matched.

The Old Witch's tale for the issue, "Last Respects!", was better than the initial tale and was a real spine-tingler. Without any supernatural overtones, this story showed just how far a typical red-blooded 1950s boy would go for his girl. Graham Ingels did a great job on the visuals, and this story presented one of the few times that I've enjoyed Graham's unique work; usually [I prefer] the cleaner and more slick styles of Craig and Feldstein. Overall, "Last Respects!" was an enjoyable, if slightly horrific, piece. And most fascinating of all, the subject matter is not something which is totally unbelievable. Did you ever catch "Alive," CK? Or even those wacky headhunters always trying to sautee Gilligan? Aah, the classics of film and television.

"Seance!" was definitely the best story in the issue. It was great to see Jack Davis' art in this story, especially to note the evolution of his art, from yesterday's comics to today's commercial art, caricature and package art. The exaggerated faces that have become a Davis trademark were present in this story, which gave "Seance!" an almost-humorous visual impact. The story itself was suspenseful and quite a testament to the power of fortune tellers, gypsys, mediums and psychics. And a note ■ you, CK: "a happy medium"? Ha, ha.

Finally, we have "Voodoo Death!" in Haiti. This was quite an interesting piece albeit one which went by all too quickly. Maybe all of EC's voodoo stories could be presented, at least the best of them, in a miniseries format. I'd love to see such theme miniseries show up, such as a "vampire" compilation or a book of lovers' tales.

Joey Marchese — Union, NJ

I wouldn't be caught undead watching "Alive." —CK

Dear CK, VK, OW,

I really like your comic books and that new cartoon on television. Both are very interesting and enjoyable to read and watch. On Saturday mornings I get up and watch "Tales from the Crypt." Most of the time I read the comic books. To me, nothing is more exciting than reading horror stories.

Travis Montie — Alpena, ■

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

My name is Jason Janmoville and I am 11 years old. I love EC comics and all the fabulous stories. I would like to start out by saying I watch your TV show, and that's how I found out about the comics. I went to my local comic book store. All they had was the original comics from the 50s! One comic was 250 dollars!! I was quite upset about this since I did not have $250 dollars with me. (I did find issues of VAULT and HAUNT, so I got some.)

On the third visit, I got some CRYPT comics. I have just subscribed to CRYPT and have just gotten my first issue in the mail. I liked the story "Bats In My Belfry!" in issue 8. I would like to say I am your #1 fan, but that's what everyone says. I also saw the "Tales From The Crypt" movie. I liked it!!!

Jason Janmoville — Santa Rosa, CA

I'm EXTREMELY upset; I've NEVER had $250 with me! —CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I love your comic book and TV show. I'd like to know what is your favorite food and movie. In your comic book, is there a story with a magician in it? I'd also like to know what year you were born and where your Crypt is located. Spookingly yours,

Michael Neary — Lindwood, PA

I like nothing better than to curl up with a box of chicken terror-yaki takeout and a tape of "Sound of Music." —CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I am a fan of EC comics and you are my favorite Hero. Someday I would like to be a part of EC comics. I watch "Tales from the Crypt" every Saturday morning and night. I wish it would come on more often and I just wanted to say thank you for making comics and TV shows! Please print my address. Truly yours,

Maria Caton
POB 142
Chandler, OK 74834

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

You are the coolest guy. Your comics are great. Please give me your phone number. We could make scares together. I really want to do business with you. Your slimy friend,

Michael Palma — Irwin, TX

Sorry to disappoint you, but you can't fax slime. —CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I just read one of your comics and it was outstanding. I liked both your tales, the Witch's tale was okay, and The Vault-Keeper's tale was geeky. What is scary about a voodoo doll that kills a couple of guys.

John Duffey — Paradise Valley, AZ

Really. —CK

Dear Russ,

Congratulations on being on your eighth round of EC comics, which is more than what was published under either of the two sixty-four page runs. CRYPT has its usual good run of stories, but these stories get even better in later issues. "The Living Death!" [CRYPT 7] looks like it was taken from an Edgar Allen Poe story. I think that it was called "The Strange Case of J. Vladamir." But then the Crypt-Keeper already knows that.

The two stories "Bats in My Belfry!" and "Midnight Snack!" [CRYPT 8] look a little too similar in theme. Except in one story the character turns out to be a vampire and in the other story the character turns out to be a ghoul. There is one thing that I never quite understood though: What is the difference between a ghoul and a cannibal? This issue of CRYPT has a great Feldstein cover, and the story that it illustrates is not bad either.

Warren Standifird — Sunnyvale, CA

The difference between a cannibal and a ghoul is nothing that 5 minutes in a microwave won't erase. —CK

Dear Russ Cochran,

I really like Crypt-Keeper; in fact, he's the man of my screams (Ha-ha). I'm trying to save my money so I can subscribe to CRYPT. If it's no trouble could you please send me a picture of the Crypt-Keeper.

Ashley Cissell — Greenwood, IN

Save time; break into that college fund! —CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

My name is Julio Martinez and I am 15 years old. I am your biggest fan, and also your friend.

The [episode] I liked in your cartoon show is "While the Cat's Away." I've seen it [redacted] times.

Can I be in your show "Tales from the Crypt?" Could I be in your comic books?

Julio Martinez — National City, CA

Maybe. Have you been: Cheated, betrayed, strangled, fried, hanged, sliced, diced, zombied, reanimated, electrocuted or had an intimate experience with a bladed household gadget? If so, you, too, could be the centerpiece of an EC story! —CK

Dear CK,

You're the most stupid storyteller I ever heard of! Your story's don't even scare my 5 year old sister Becky! When I read her "...And All Through the House," she told me it was a very boring bed time story and left! And—oh, wait—I'm sorry. That was my letter to VK. Verrrry Sorrry.

I just had a few questions for you. Could you please give me a list of all the stories EC adapted from Ray Bradbury, and what issue they were in? And did Graham Ingels do any werewolf stories?

Sean Clau — El Monte, CA

Yes to both. But space is running out. Check each GhoulLunatic letter column in future for this info! —CK

Also available this month are WEIRD SCIENCE and SHOCK. Watch for VAULT, WEIRD FANTASY and TWO-FISTED next month. Don't forget HAUNT, WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY and CRIME. Get them at your local comic book shop or SUBSCRIBE (see our ad in this comic for details)!

BACK ISSUES: CRYPT #1, $2 each (subject to availability). All others up thru issue #9, $1.50 each. Issues #4 and up, $2 each. Add $5 per order ($10 outside US) for S&H.

**Write to: CRYPT
RUSS COCHRAN
POB 469
WEST PLAINS MO 65775**

**THIS COMIC REPRINTS
TALES FROM THE CRYPT "#25" (#9, AUG/SEP 51)**

COVER by Al Feldstein
"The Trophy!" — Jack Davis
"Judy, You're Not Yourself Today!" — Wally Wood
"Loved to Death!!" — Jack Kamen
"The Works... in Wax!" — Graham Ingels

We welcome letters of comment. We cannot promise to acknowledge, publish or answer letters. We edit for clarity, accuracy and length. We automatically withhold street address and zip code unless you clearly state you wish them published. We attempt to acknowledge publication of letters. To do so we need your address on the individual letter.

EVER LOVE SOMEONE WHO DIDN'T LOVE *YOU*? PRETTY PAINFUL, ISN'T IT? WELL, IT'S NOT HALF AS PAINFUL AS BEING...

LOVED TO DEATH!!

JACK KAMEN

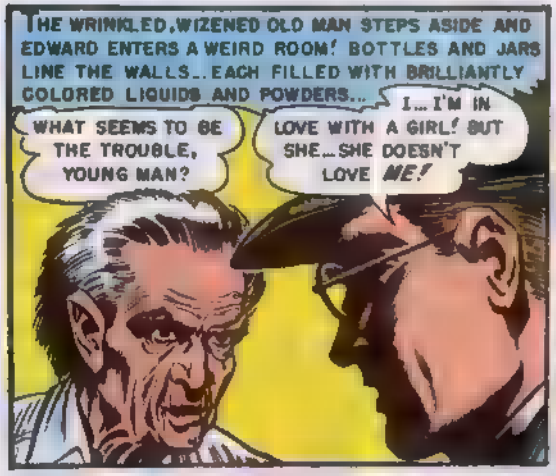
FOR THE FIRST SCENE OF THIS TOUCHING TALE, LET'S LOOK IN ON THE APARTMENT OF MARGARET SINGER... WHERE A DELIGHTFUL LITTLE EPISODE IS REACHING A CLIMAX...

OWWWWW!

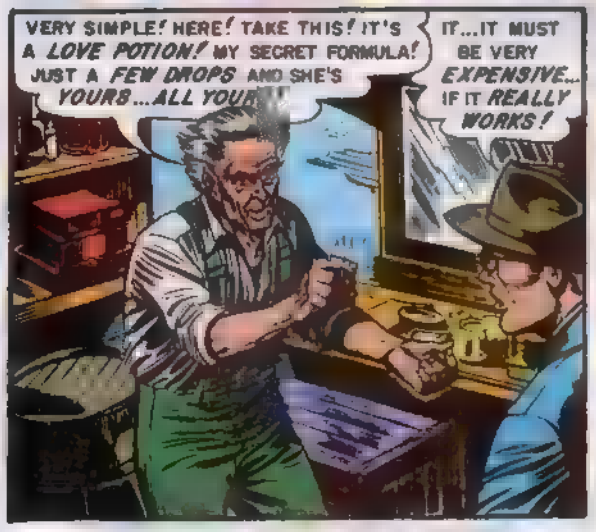
I'M... I'M *SORRY*, EDWARD! I *HAD* TO DO IT! NOW... WILL YOU *PLEASE GO*? AND DON'T *EVER ANNOY ME AGAIN!*

BUT... MARGIE! I'M *MAD* ABOUT YOU! WON'T YOU LET ME TAKE YOU OUT... JUST *ONCE*? *TOMORROW* NIGHT?

NO! I'M BUSY! I'M BUSY EVERY NIGHT AS FAR AS YOU'RE CONCERNED! NOW, WILL YOU LEAVE? I HAVE TO DRESS FOR A HEAVY DATE!
ALL RIGHT, MARGIE! I'LL GO! BUT I WON'T GIVE UP!
MARGARET SINGER SLAMS THE DOOR ON POOR EDWARD WALLACE...
POOR SAP! WON'T HE EVER CATCH ON THAT HE DOESN'T RATE WITH ME? HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO SLAP HIS FACE?
WHILE OUTSIDE, EDDIE...DEJECTED ...MOVES SLOWLY DOWN THE DARKENING STREETS...
WHY? WHY WON'T SHE GIVE ME A BREAK? SHE KNOWS I'M CRAZY ABOUT HER! BUT SHE TREATS ME LIKE DIRT! SHE ACTS LIKE SHE CAN'T STAND ME!
EDDIE CROSSES THE STREET AND ENTERS THE DESERTED PARK! HE SLUMPS DOWN ON A BENCH! SOON A STRANGER COMES ALONG! HE STOPS...EYES EDDIE...THEN SITS DOWN BESIDE HIM...
S'MATTER, YOUNG FELLER? YOU LOOK PRETTY GLUM!
I AM! I'M NUTS ABOUT A GIRL, BUT SHE WON'T GIVE ME A TUMBLE!
THE STRANGER SMILES... REACHES INTO HIS POCKET... AND PULLS OUT A CARD...
OH...IS THAT IT? WELL, GO SEE THIS GUY! HE'LL FIX YOU UP! GUARANTEED!
HUH? WHAT CAN HE DO?
THE STRANGER RISES AND DISAPPEARS INTO THE NIGHT! EDDIE STUDIES THE SMALL WHITE CARD! IT READS 'ULRIC STRONHAM, ALCHEMIST'! AN ADDRESS FOLLOWS...
AN ALCHEMIST! SAY! I THOUGHT THOSE GUYS WENT OUT WITH THE MIDDLE AGES! OH, WELL, I CAN'T LOSE ANYTHING! I'LL GO SEE HIM!
THE ADDRESS ON THE CARD LEADS EDWARD WALLACE TO A DARK WINDING STREET IN THE OLDEST PART OF TOWN! THE BUILDING HE IS LOOKING FOR IS A RUN-DOWN, DIRTY TENEMENT! HE CLIMBS RAT-INFESTED STEPS TO ULRIC STRONHAM'S DOOR...
YES? WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
I...I WAS GIVEN YOUR CARD! THE MAN SAID YOU COULD HELP ME!


THE WRINKLED, WIZENED OLD MAN STEPS ASIDE AND EDWARD ENTERS A WEIRD ROOM! BOTTLES AND JARS LINE THE WALLS... EACH FILLED WITH BRILLIANTLY COLORED LIQUIDS AND POWDERS...
WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE, YOUNG MAN?
I... I'M IN LOVE WITH A GIRL! BUT SHE... SHE DOESN'T LOVE ME!

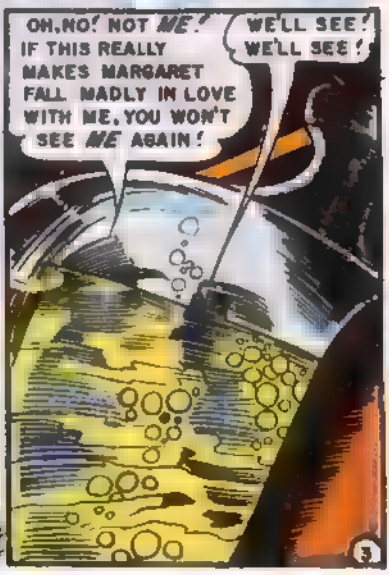
OH! I SEE! AND YOU WOULD LIKE HER TO ADORE YOU... TO WORSHIP YOU... TO LOVE YOU AND ONLY YOU?
YEAH! THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE!


VERY SIMPLE! HERE! TAKE THIS! IT'S A LOVE POTION! MY SECRET FORMULA! JUST A FEW DROPS AND SHE'S YOURS... ALL YOURS!
IT... IT MUST BE VERY EXPENSIVE... IF IT REALLY WORKS!

OH, IT WORKS! I GUARANTEE THAT! AND IT'S VERY CHEAP... ONLY ONE DOLLAR!
ONE DOLLAR? IS THAT ALL? I'LL TAKE IT!

GOOD-BYE!
NOT GOOD-BYE, YOUNG MAN! AU REVOIR... FOR NOW! YOU'LL BE BACK! THEY ALL COME BACK!

COME BACK... FOR WHAT?
FOR THE ANTIDOTE!


OH, NO! NOT ME! IF THIS REALLY MAKES MARGARET FALL MADLY IN LOVE WITH ME, YOU WON'T SEE ME AGAIN!
WE'LL SEE! WE'LL SEE!

EDWARD RUSHES FROM THE WEIRD ROOM... DOWN THE GARBAGE-LADEN STAIRS...AND BACK ACROSS TOWN TO MARGARET'S APARTMENT...

OH, EDWARD! ARE *YOU* BACK AGAIN? I TOLD YOU...

I...I CAME TO SAY *GOOD-BYE*, MARGARET! I'M GOING *AWAY!*

GOOD! THANK HEAVENS! NOW YOU'LL STOP *BOTHERING* ME!

I BROUGHT THIS WINE, MARGIE! WILL YOU HAVE JUST *ONE* DRINK WITH ME...TO WISH ME *FAREWELL?*

ANYTHING! ANYTHING TO GET *RID* OF YOU!

GOOD! I'LL POUR IT OUT!

EDDIE POURS THE WINE, AND SECRETLY EMPTIES THE CONTENTS OF THE LOVE POTION INTO MARGIE'S GLASS...

WELL! HERE'S TO *YOU*, MARGIE! I'LL *ALWAYS LOVE* YOU!

AND HERE'S TO *YOU!* GOOD *RIDDANCE!*

MARGIE DRAWS HER GLASS! EDWARD STARES AT HER... EXPECTANTLY...

WELL! YOU CAN *GO*, NOW! DON'T JUST STAND THERE LIKE A DUMMY! WE'VE *SAID* GOODBYE!

Y--YES! I...GUESS I *WILL* GO! I...I...

GOLLY! IT DIDN'T WORK!

EDDIE RELUCTANTLY OPENS THE DOOR! MARGIE WATCHES HIM FRIGIDLY! THEN THE COLD LOOK IN HER EYES SOFTENS... SHE SMILES...

OH...YOU BIG, OVERGROWN KID! COME HERE! I'LL KISS YOU GOOD-BYE!

HUH?

MARGIE PECKS AT EDDIE'S PUCKERED LIPS! SUDDENLY SHE GASPS! SHE THROWS HER ARMS AROUND HIS NECK AND KISSES HIM...A LONG... RAPTUROUS KISS! A KISS OF *LOVE*...

EDDIE! WHAT'S *HAPPENING* TO ME?

OH, MARGIE! *MARGIE!*

HEH, HEH! YEP! IT WAS JUST LIKE OLD ULRIC, THE ALCHEMIST, SAID! MARGIE FELL...HEAD OVER HEELS! EDDIE AND SHE WERE MARRIED! SHE ADORED HIM...WORSHIPPED HIM... LOVED HIM... LOVED HIM... LOVED HIM TILL EDDIE THOUGHT HE WOULD GO MAD!
DARLING...DARLING EDDIE! SWEET...HANDSOME...DIVINE EDDIE! OH, HOW I LOVE YOU, EDDIE! OH, HOW...
MARGIE! CUT IT OUT! I'M TRYING TO READ! GO SIT OVER THERE!
MARGIE, SPURNED BY EDDIE, MOVES TO THE CHAIR ACROSS THE ROOM! THERE SHE SITS...SMILING...SMILING AND STARING AT EDDIE...
DON'T YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO DO, MARGIE? MUST YOU SIT AND STARE AT ME?
I LOVE YOU! I HAVE NOTHING IN LIFE TO DO EXCEPT LOVE YOU! YOU'RE MY EVERYTHING... MY...
IT IS LATE THAT SAME NIGHT THAT EDDIE KNOCKS ON ULRIC'S DOOR...
AH! YOU'VE FINALLY COME BACK! I MUST SAY IT TOOK YOU LONGER THAN USUAL! YOU MUST BE A VERY PATIENT MAN! YOU WANT THE ANTIDOTE, NO DOUBT?
YES! I CAN'T STAND HER ANY LONGER! SHE CRAWLS ALL OVER ME! SHE'S DRIVING ME CRAZY!
HERE! HERE YOU ARE! A FEW DROPS OF THIS AND IT WILL BE ALL OVER! IT'S SWIFT AND SURE! DOESN'T LEAVE ANY TRACE!
IT...IT KILLS HER?
YOU HAVE A BETTER METHOD?
N-NO! ONLY...WELL...I HADN'T INTENDED TO KILL HER! YOU SAY IT LEAVES NO TRACE? HOW MUCH?
ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS!
WHAT? BUT THE POTION...
YES! THE POTION IS CHEAP! THE ANTIDOTE IS EXPENSIVE! I LOSE MONEY ON THE POTION! BUT I MORE THAN MAKE IT UP ON THE ANTIDOTE! AND ANYONE WHO BUYS THE POTION ALWAYS BUYS THE ANTIDOTE...SOONER OR LATER! WELL, YES OR NO!
Y-YES, I GUESS!
3

AT BREAKFAST THE NEXT MORNING, EDWARD SPILLS THE 'ANTIDOTE' INTO MARGIE'S COFFEE WHILE HER BACK IS TURNED...

OH, DEAR! YOUR TOAST ISN'T READY YET! I'M SORRY, DEAREST!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MARGARET! I LEFT MY WATCH IN THE BATHROOM, ANYWAY!

BUT THOUGHTFUL, EVER-LOVING MARGIE, KNOWING THAT HER DARLING HUSBAND LIKES HIS COFFEE HOT, SWITCHES CUPS... BECAUSE HERS *STEAMS MORE...*

COME, DARLING! YOUR COFFEE IS GETTING COLD!

YOU CAN START! I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!

BUT MARGIE, THE DEVOTED WIFE, WAITS PATIENTLY FOR EDWARD TO RETURN TO THE TABLE! AND EDWARD DID *SO* WANT TO AVOID WITNESSING HER... SHALL WE SAY... *FINISH...*

MMMM! COFFEE'S GOOD THIS MORNING! ISN'T IT?

IS IT, DEAR? OH, I'M *SO HAPPY...* I... I... *EDWARD!*

EDWARD SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR AND IS VERY STILL! HE IS QUITE DEAD! SWIFT AND SURE... JUST LIKE ULRIC SAID! THERE IS A SLIGHT SMILE ON HIS FACE...

EDWARD... DARLING! SPEAK TO ME! *SPEAK TO ME!*

THERE IS A SMILE ON HIS FACE BECAUSE... SOMEWHERE IN THAT UNKNOWN WORLD THAT IS THE HEREAFTER... AS EDWARD TRUDGES THROUGH THE MIST...

OH, WELL! SO *I* DRANK THE ANTIDOTE *INSTEAD!* SO I'M *DEAD!* AT LEAST I'M *RID* OF *HER!*

YES, EDWARD SMILES AS HE MOVES THROUGH THE MIST! BUT THE SMILE IS SHORT-LIVED, FOR...

EDWARD! DARLING! *WAIT FOR ME!*

THAT... THAT'S *MARGIE'S VOICE!*

YES! IT *IS* MARGIE'S VOICE! SHE BURSTS THROUGH THE MIST, RUSHES UP TO EDWARD, AND SMOTHERS HIM WITH KISSES...

OH, DARLING! WHEN YOU DIED, I *KNEW* I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO GO ON *WITHOUT YOU*, SO I *COMMITTED SUICIDE!* NOW, WE'LL BE *TOGETHER FOR ETERNITY!*

OH... NO... NO..!

YES! YES! SHE'S RIGHT, EDWARD! BUT DON'T WORRY! MAYBE SOMEDAY YOU MIGHT BUMP INTO *ULRIC STRONGMAN* AGAIN! PERSONALLY, I WOULDN'T *BET* ON IT! I DON'T THINK HE AND YOU ARE HEADED FOR THE SAME PLACE!

OH, BY THE WAY! MANY OF YOU HAVE ASKED ABOUT *SUBSCRIBING* TO *TALES FROM THE CRYPT!* FOR THIS INFORMATION, READ MY COLUMN, *THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER!*

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

AH! YOU'RE BACK! SO YOU LIKE THE LITTLE TID-BITS OF *TERROR* I DISH OUT OF MY *CAULDRON*, EH? WELL, COME IN! COME IN! DON'T JUST STAND THERE GAPING! IT'S *ME, THE OLD WITCH*... MISTRESS OF *THE HAUNT OF FEAR!* COME CLOSER TO THE FIRE... WHERE IT'S *WARM!* THEN WHEN YOU *SHIVER* FROM THE STORY I'M ABOUT TO TELL YOU, I'LL *KNOW* IT *ISN'T* FROM THE *COLD!* COMFY? GOOD! THEN I'LL BEGIN! THIS IS A TALE *DRIPPING* WITH *DREAD!* I CALL IT.....

THE WORKS...IN WAX!

THE FAME OF THE HOGS LANE WAXWORKS ■ WIDE-SPREAD! OUTSIDE THE BATTERED DOORS, A CROWD HAS ALREADY GATHERED! TOURISTS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD TRAVEL TO SEE THIS FAMOUS MUSEUM... AND ITS NOTORIOUS *CHAMBER OF HORRORS!*

THE DOORS ARE OPENING!

STOP PUSHING!

WELCOME, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! WELCOME TO MARIE AND HENRI MATAUD'S WAXWORKS!

THE ANXIOUS THRONG PUSHES ITS WAY INTO THE MATAUD ESTABLISHMENT... FILLING HENRI'S OUTSTRETCHED HANDS WITH COINS AND PAPER MONEY! INSIDE, WAX FIGURES STAND EXPECTANTLY, AWAITING THE PRYING EYES...

PLEASE... LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! PLENTY OF ROOM INSIDE! HAVE YOUR ADMISSION PRICE READY! TAKE YOUR TIME...

YES! MARIE AND HENRI MATAUD'S WAXWORKS IS WORLD RENOWNED! Y'KNOW *WHY?* BECAUSE THE WAX FIGURES LOOK SO *REAL!* THEY... THEY LOOK ALMOST *ALIVE!* AND IN THE *CHAMBER OF HORRORS*... WELL... *YOU CAN IMAGINE...* -

GULP!

UGH! IT TURNS MY STOMACHE!

IT'S THE FAMED HATCHET MURDERER, CYRUS EVERARD... WITH ONE OF HIS *VICTIMS!*

THAT'S JACK, THE RIPPER! I'D SWEAR HE MOVED!

AMAZING! HOW ALIVE THEY LOOK!

OOOH! THE BLOOD!

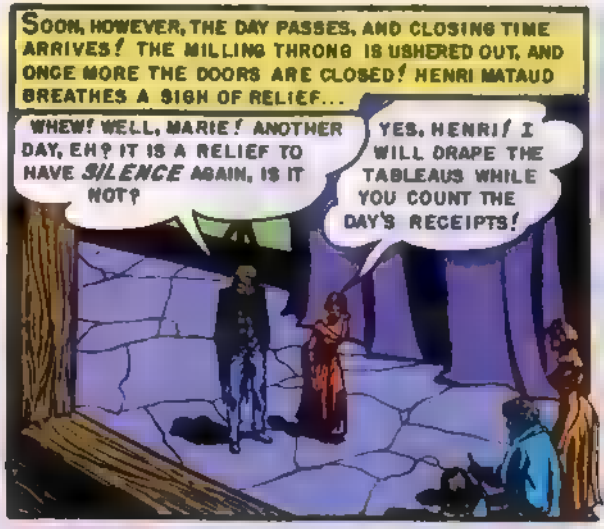
LOOK AT HER FACE... SHE ACTUALLY LOOKS LIKE SHE'S BEING STRANGLED!

THAT'S JOHN GARROTE! HE STRANGLED THIRTY-THREE WOMEN BEFORE THEY CAUGHT HIM...

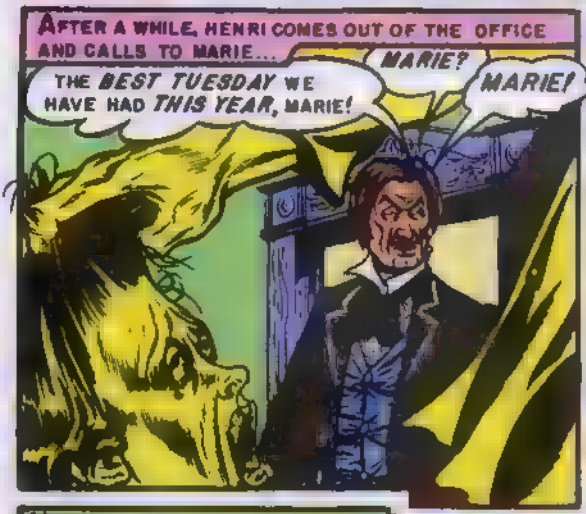
YES! THE MATAUD WAXWORKS IS QUITE A PLACE... QUITE A PLACE...

PARDON ME, GUARD! CAN YOU TELL ME... GUARD! I'D LIKE SOME INFORMATION... GUARD... I SAY! THAT'S VERY RUDE! I'LL REPORT...

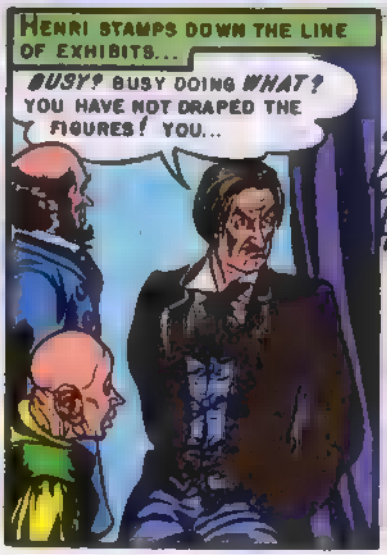
AGNES! THAT'S A *WAX FIGURE!* PEOPLE ARE LAUGHING AT YOU!

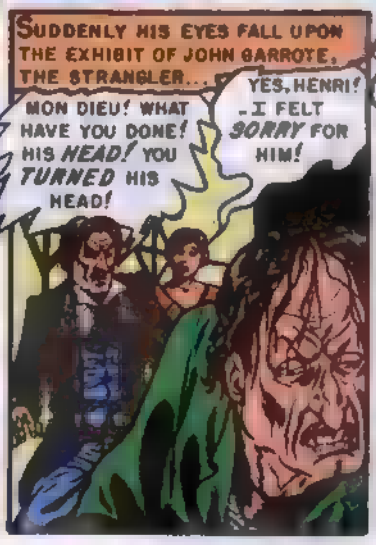

SOON, HOWEVER, THE DAY PASSES, AND CLOSING TIME ARRIVES! THE MILLING THRONG IS USHERED OUT, AND ONCE MORE THE DOORS ARE CLOSED! HENRI MATAUD BREATHES A SIGH OF RELIEF...
WHEW! WELL, MARIE! ANOTHER DAY, EH? IT IS A RELIEF TO HAVE *SILENCE* AGAIN, IS IT NOT?
YES, HENRI! I WILL DRAPE THE TABLEAUS WHILE YOU COUNT THE DAY'S RECEIPTS!

HENRI DISAPPEARS INTO THE OFFICE AND MARIE TURNS TO THE MANY WAX FIGURES THAT LINE THE WALLS...
WELL! TODAY WAS NOT SO BAD, WAS IT, MY FRIENDS? AT LEAST THERE WERE NO MISCHIEVOUS CHILDREN, EH?


AFTER A WHILE, HENRI COMES OUT OF THE OFFICE AND CALLS TO MARIE...
MARIE?
MARIE!
THE *BEST TUESDAY* WE HAVE HAD *THIS YEAR*, MARIE!

HENRI CALLS MARIE'S NAME SEVERAL TIMES BEFORE SHE RUSHES UP TO HIM...
MARIE! DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME CALL YOU?
I... I'M SORRY, HENRI! I WAS... BUSY!


HENRI STAMPS DOWN THE LINE OF EXHIBITS...
BUSY? BUSY DOING *WHAT?* YOU HAVE NOT DRAPED THE FIGURES! YOU...

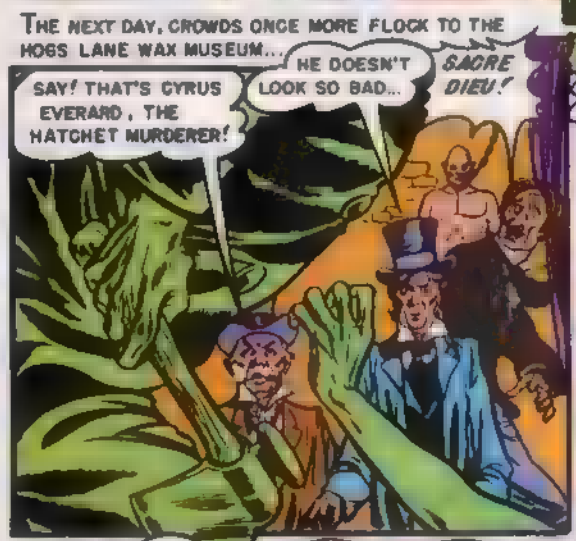

SUDDENLY HIS EYES FALL UPON THE EXHIBIT OF JOHN GARROTE, THE STRANGLER...
MON DIEU! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE! HIS *HEAD!* YOU *TURNED* HIS HEAD!
YES, HENRI! - I FELT *SORRY* FOR HIM!

SORRY? SORRY? WHAT ARE YOU *TALKING* ABOUT?
HE *BEGGED* ME TO DO IT! HE SAID HE COULN'T *STAND LOOKING* AT HER *EYES*...

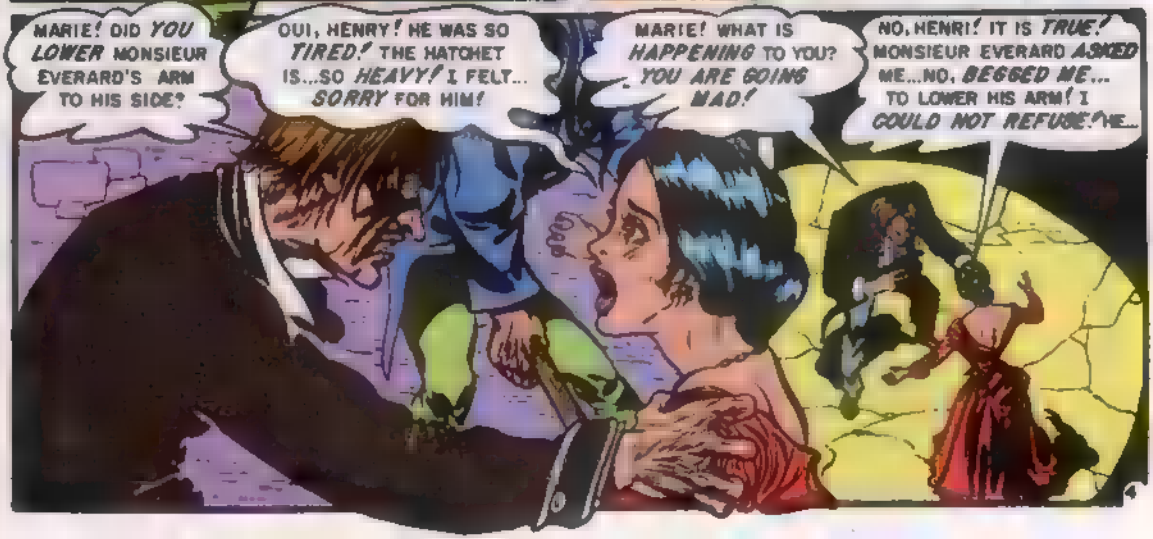
MARIE! YOU ARE OUT OF YOUR MIND!
NO, HENRI! NO! MONSIEUR GARROTE PLEADED WITH ME...

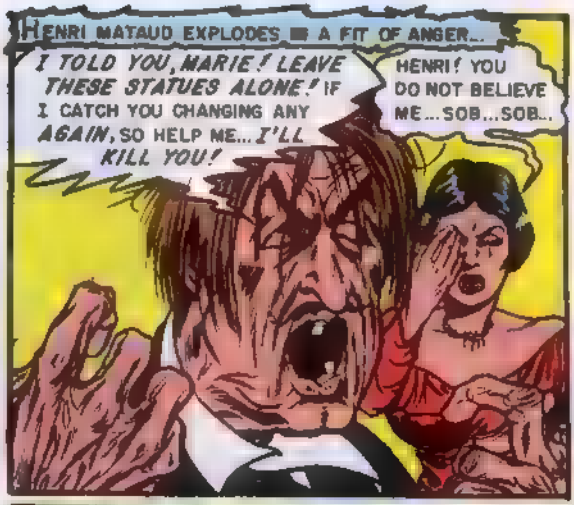
HENRI TWISTS THE WAXEN HEAD SO IT ONCE MORE STARES DOWN AT THE STRANGLED GIRL...
MARIE! LEAVE THE FIGURES ALONE!
NO, HENRI! DON'T!

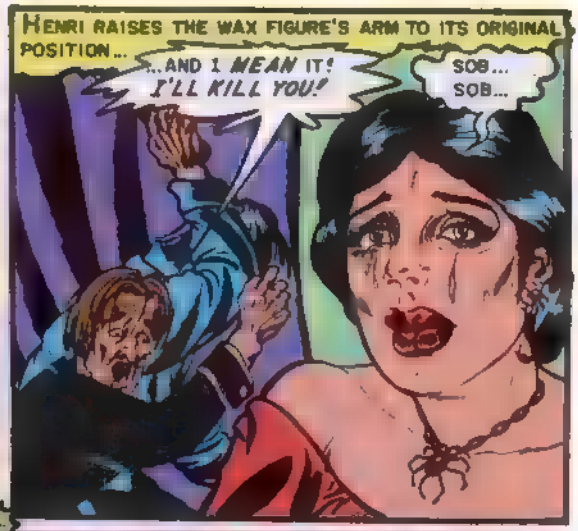
THEN HENRI LEADS MARIE AWAY...
YOU...HAVE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD, MARIE! YOU NEED A REST!
I'M NOT TIRED, HENRI! I AM ALL RIGHT!

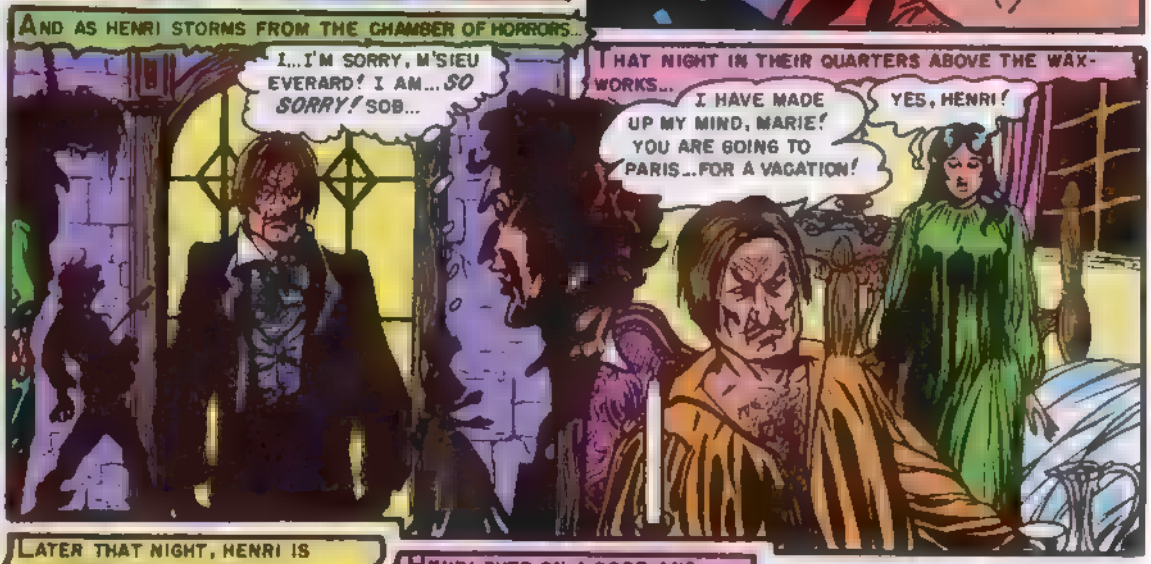

THE NEXT DAY, CROWDS ONCE MORE FLOCK TO THE HOGS LANE WAX MUSEUM...
SAY! THAT'S CYRUS EVERARD, THE HATCHET MURDERER!
HE DOESN'T LOOK SO BAD...
SACRE DIEU!

AFTER THE LAST VISITOR LEAVES...
MARIE! COME HERE!
YES, HENRI?


MARIE! DID YOU LOWER MONSIEUR EVERARD'S ARM TO HIS SIDE?
OUI, HENRY! HE WAS SO TIRED! THE HATCHET IS...SO HEAVY! I FELT... SORRY FOR HIM!
MARIE! WHAT IS HAPPENING TO YOU? YOU ARE GOING MAD!
NO, HENRI! IT IS TRUE! MONSIEUR EVERARD ASKED ME...NO, BEGGED ME... TO LOWER HIS ARM! I COULD NOT REFUSE! HE...


HENRI MATAUD EXPLODES IN A FIT OF ANGER...
I TOLD YOU, MARIE! LEAVE THESE STATUES ALONE! IF I CATCH YOU CHANGING ANY AGAIN, SO HELP ME... I'LL KILL YOU!
HENRI! YOU DO NOT BELIEVE ME... SOB... SOB...

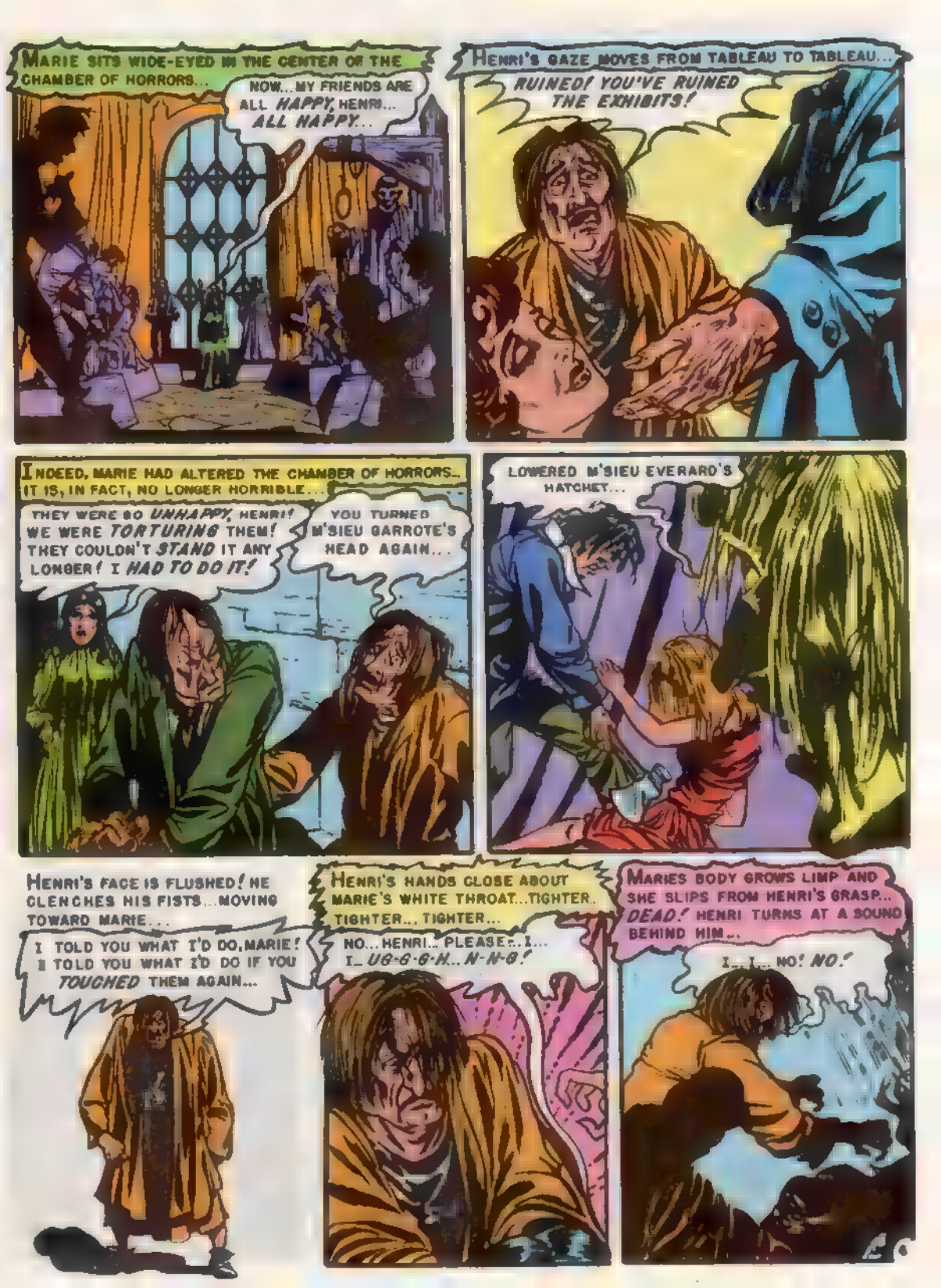

HENRI RAISES THE WAX FIGURE'S ARM TO ITS ORIGINAL POSITION...
...AND I MEAN IT! I'LL KILL YOU!
SOB... SOB...

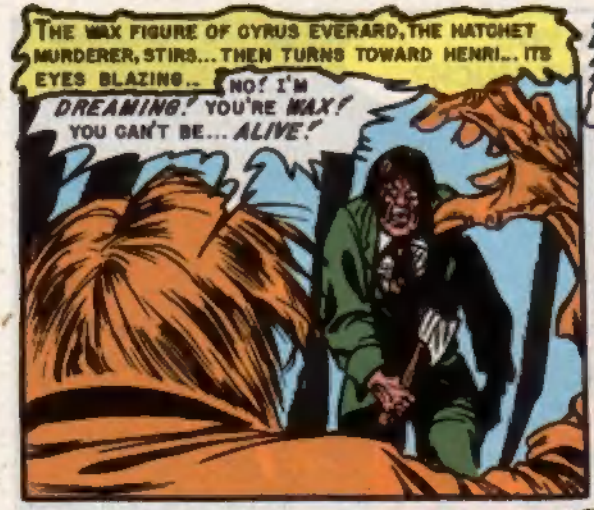

AND AS HENRI STORMS FROM THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS...
I... I'M SORRY, M'SIEU EVERARD! I AM... SO SORRY! SOB...
THAT NIGHT IN THEIR QUARTERS ABOVE THE WAX-WORKS...
I HAVE MADE UP MY MIND, MARIE! YOU ARE GOING TO PARIS... FOR A VACATION!
YES, HENRI!

LATER THAT NIGHT, HENRI IS AWAKENED BY THE SOUND OF LAUGHTER... MARIE'S LAUGHTER...
MARIE? SHE'S... NOT IN BED...

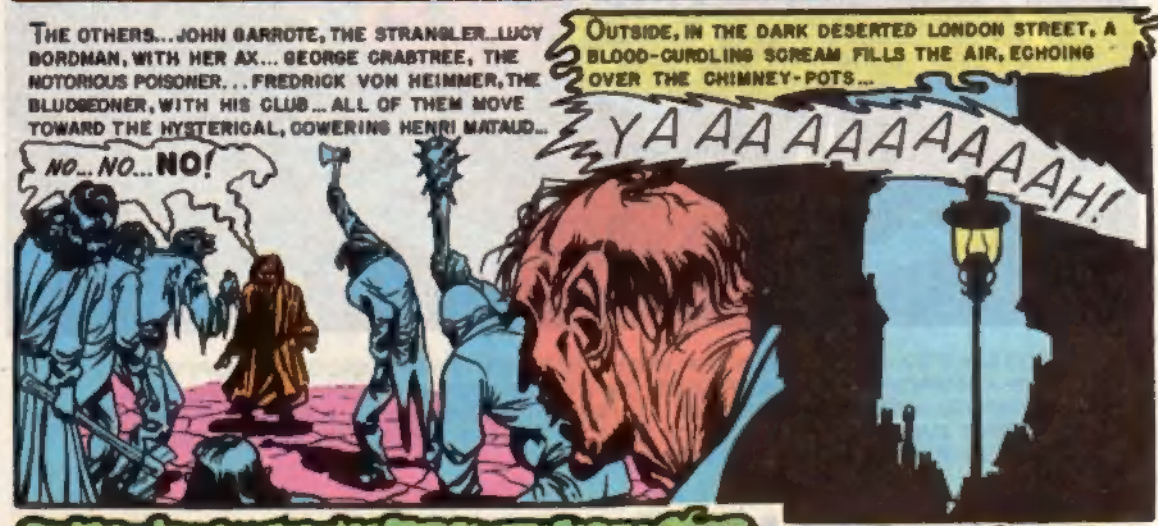
HENRI PUTS ON A ROBE AND DESCENDS TO THE WAXWORKS BELOW...
MARIE? ARE YOU DOWN THERE?

HENRI'S VOICE ECHOES THROUGH THE SILENT WAX MUSEUM! HE LIGHTS THE LAMP...
MARIE! YOU CRAZY FOOL! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?


MARIE SITS WIDE-EYED IN THE CENTER OF THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS...
NOW... MY FRIENDS ARE ALL HAPPY, HENRI... ALL HAPPY...
HENRI'S GAZE MOVES FROM TABLEAU TO TABLEAU...
RUINED! YOU'VE RUINED THE EXHIBITS!
INDEED, MARIE HAD ALTERED THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS... IT IS, IN FACT, NO LONGER HORRIBLE...
THEY WERE SO UNHAPPY, HENRI! WE WERE TORTURING THEM! THEY COULDN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER! I HAD TO DO IT!
YOU TURNED M'SIEU GARROTE'S HEAD AGAIN...
LOWERED M'SIEU EVERARD'S HATCHET...
HENRI'S FACE IS FLUSHED! HE CLENCHES HIS FISTS... MOVING TOWARD MARIE...
I TOLD YOU WHAT I'D DO, MARIE! I TOLD YOU WHAT I'D DO IF YOU TOUCHED THEM AGAIN...
HENRI'S HANDS CLOSE ABOUT MARIE'S WHITE THROAT... TIGHTER... TIGHTER... TIGHTER...
NO... HENRI... PLEASE... I... I... UG-G-G-H... N-N-G!
MARIES BODY GROWS LIMP AND SHE SLIPS FROM HENRI'S GRASP... DEAD! HENRI TURNS AT A SOUND BEHIND HIM...
I... I... NO! NO!


THE WAX FIGURE OF CYRUS EVERARD, THE HATCHET MURDERER, STIRS... THEN TURNS TOWARD HENRI... ITS EYES BLAZING...
NO! I'M DREAMING! YOU'RE WAX! YOU CAN'T BE... ALIVE!

JACK THE RIPPER STEPS FROM HIS TABLEAU...HIS KNIFE GLEAMING IN THE GAS-LIGHT...
KEEP AWAY! KEEP AWAY!


THE OTHERS...JOHN GARROTE, THE STRANGLER...LUCY BORDMAN, WITH HER AX... GEORGE CRABTREE, THE NOTORIOUS POISONER... FREDRICK VON HEIMMER, THE BLUDGEONER, WITH HIS CLUB... ALL OF THEM MOVE TOWARD THE HYSTERICAL, COWERING HENRI MATAUD...
NO...NO...NO!
OUTSIDE, IN THE DARK DESERTED LONDON STREET, A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM FILLS THE AIR, ECHOING OVER THE CHIMNEY-POTS...
YAAAAAAAAAAAH!

THE NEXT MORNING, WHEN THE HOGS LANE WAXWORKS DOES NOT OPEN ITS DOORS, THE POLICE INVESTIGATE! THE DOORS ARE FORCED! INSIDE, THEY FIND A STRANGE SIGHT! A HUGE TABLEAU OF WAX FIGURES STANDS REVERENTLY ABOUT THE BODY OF MARIE MATAUD AS SHE LIES ON A WAX-FLOWER BEDECKED ALTAR! AT THE FOOT OF THE ALTAR, A HUGE CANDLE BURNS! AND IF YOU LOOK REAL HARD, YOU CAN SEE... BENEATH THE TRANSLUCENT WAX OF THE TREMENDOUS CANDLE... THE REMAINS OF HENRI MATAUD...
GOOD LORD! LOOK!
HENRI MATAUD! HE...HE'S THE WICK...OF THE CANDLE!
HEE, HEE! AND THAT'S MY STORY, KIDDIES! DIDN'T IT JUST MELT YOUR COLD HEARTS! YES, HENRI WAS ALL BURNED UP OVER WHAT MARIE DID TO THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS! BUT HE SOON COOLED OFF...WHAT WAS LEFT OF HIM, THAT IS! THE FIGURES THAT HE AND MARIE CREATED, CERTAINLY WERE LIFE-LIKE, WEREN'T THEY? TOO LIFE-LIKE IF YOU ASK ME! MARIE WASN'T CRAZY AFTER ALL, EH? IT WAS HENRI WHO WAS THE DRIP! SEE YOU NEXT IN THE VAULT OF HORROR!
THE END

YOU SAY IT'S A 45-MINUTE BUS TRIP, WITH A TRANSFER, TO THE COMIC BOOK SHOP? YOU SAY IT'S A HARROWING 30-MINUTE DRIVE ON THE EXPRESSWAY TO THE MALL, AND THEN A 30-MINUTE MERRY-GO-ROUND RIDE TO FIND A PARKING PLACE? YOU SAY YOUR TOWN DOESN'T EVEN **HAVE** A COMIC BOOK SHOP OR BOOKSTORE? IS THAT WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU, BUNKY? WELL, THEN, YOU SHOULD...

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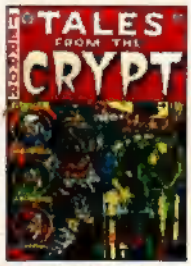

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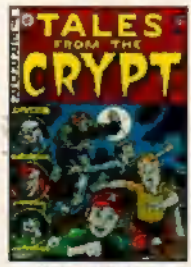

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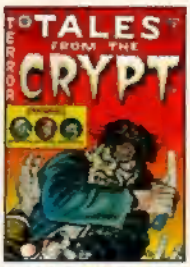

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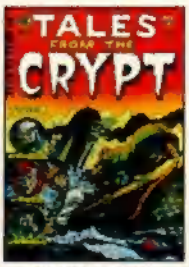

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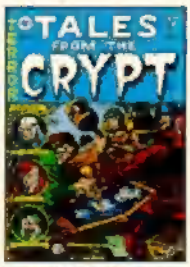

GLAD CRYPT #6

GLAD VAULT #1

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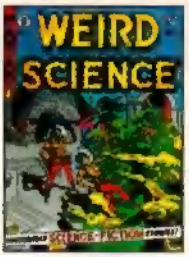
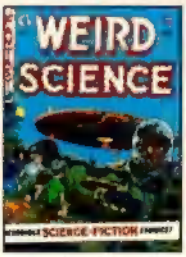
GLAD VAULT #5

GLAD VAULT #6

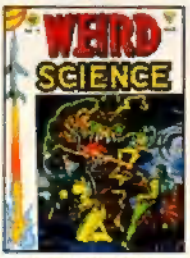


GLAD WEIRD #1



GLAD WEIRD #2

GLAD WEIRD #3



GLAD WEIRD #4

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